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 REVIEW

OF

KENNEDY'S EDITION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

HOMERI ILIAS ex optimis editionibus fideliter expressa. — Accedunt illustrationes ex scholl. vet. et probatissimis editoribus desumptæ, necnon, indices absoluti, et curæ secundæ. Studio et impensis JACOBI KENNEDY, A. M. Collegii SS. Trinitatis apud Dublinienses Soc. et Acad. Reg. Hibern. e Membris.—1821.

HOMER is the only memorial of his times. Cities, nations, and empires, with their manners, languages, and laws, have perished, or live only in his song; the rivers which he celebrated have dried up; the situation, nay the existence, of Troy is the subject of controversy: he has conferred immortality even on the Gods—himself the only immortal of his age. He built his fabric on the undecaying foundations of human nature; and, while men feel and judge and act as they do and have done, so long will it stand, an imperishable monument of his genius. While they admire unadorned beauty and simple grandeur,—the fair or the magnificent phenomena of nature,—the natural or the sublime of human character,—so long will they admire his poetry. In all his paintings there is a perfect likeness to the original. The oceans swell, and the stars burn, in the majesty and brightness of reality: whether he describes the march of a God through the sky in darkness or beauty, or the bee in the flower cup, he is equally true to nature or to probability. When he lifts the veil from the hidden mysteries of the soul, we recognise what we have a thousand times felt; and in his human portraits, the beings of his imagination are faithful copies of the creations of God. But on this inviting subject we dare not venture at present; though suns and flowers beam and bloom on all sides, to seduce us from our duty;—which is to offer a few remarks on a new commentary on the *Iliad*, so well executed, that we wish it had been extended to the *Odyssey* also. Yet we must confess, that when entering on our critical task, we feel a strange truant inclination to escape from the Editor, and to dwell awhile with the bard; a species of desertion of which we were sometimes guilty, in our school-boy days,

when we forsook the frowning face, and the stern voice of a pedagogue, for singing birds, and music-making streams, and sunny fields.

The University of Dublin has been stiled the silent sister; and indeed when we consider the noble endowments for learning in Trinity College, and the golden prizes,—Fellowships, Deaneries, Bishoprics, and Archbishoprics, that glitter in the eye of the candidate for literary distinction, we cannot but be surprised that we so seldom hear the voice of her sons. The severe course of study necessary to the attainment of a Fellowship, would alone convince us that the Metropolitan Seminary contains much substantial learning; yet we cannot help thinking that its possessors seem to be as fond of making a monopoly of it, as of the good things which it brings. For a silence so obstinate and persevering, is there any latent cause, with which we are unacquainted? The name is a proof that the charge is not without foundation; for even nicknames are not given, without some peculiarity that makes them applicable. Do the Herculean toils of a Fellowship-course sink the young mind into decrepitude; and does it not again recover the elasticity and ardour of youth? Does the successful candidate feel such a horror at the recollection of those arduous and lengthened labours, which are in many cases a trial of constitution, rather than of genius, that he casts away his books, and never again resumes them? Is there any inherent defect in the College system? Does it encourage in its Alumni, rather the recollection of the ideas of others, than the formation of original combinations? Are the members of the College too much employed in the discharge of the honourable and important duties of their station, to have leisure for that deep and individual thought which might prepare them for becoming inventors in any one branch of literature or science? Or what is the reason that so few works, comparatively speaking, either on literature or science, issue from Trinity College?

It will be here understood, that we allude not to the higher creations of genius. Genius is a capricious plant, that often prefers the bleak mountain side to the richly cultivated garden of the Academy. Yet in this respect, Trinity College is not without her children. Among them, she ranks Shiel, Maturin, and Moore, and others of whom she has reason to be proud; yet how much such men owe to any University we know not; and of them we do not speak, but of the operatives in a literary manufacture, to which any man is competent, who will read, not for the sake of making his head a

lumber garret, or at best a cabinet of curiosities, but an alembic for giving out new results: or to speak in plain language, a manufacture, in which any man may be usefully employed, who will think for himself, rather than repeat the observations and even the errors of others. We have heard that the talent of Trinity College has lately taken the direction of Science, and if so, it is nobly employed; and we are aware that several honourable proofs of scientific genius have come forth from our national intellectual nursery; but we know also, that there is a fashion in all things, and learned bodies as well as individuals may be too much in the fashion. In reviewing a Greek work, we would have it understood, that our remarks apply to the state of Greek literature, in which Dublin has given woefully little to the stock of general knowledge; and while Porson, Parr, and Hunter have been restoring light to the thoughts, and melody to the verses of the antient Greek and Latin poets, we do not remember a single name we could associate with these great men: and we would be most happy, nay, as Irishmen, proud, to do so. The only works on Greek literature with which we are acquainted, that have been given to the world by Members of the University of Dublin, previous to Kennedy's *Homer*, of late, are Walker's *Lucian* and Ormston's *Extracts*. Of the first we speak with commendation, though we may think oddly enough of the taste that admits *Lucian* into an Academic curriculum, and excludes *Thucydides*. Ormston's book is the most flagrant piece of book-making we have ever known, and not skilfully made either. Yet whatever may be the merit of these works, for a body of literary men, so numerous, and so richly benefited, they are surely no great matters. This is the more extraordinary, as we know that Trinity College at this moment boasts several Greek scholars of eminence; and among the number Mr. Kennedy, an ingenious and enthusiastic scholar, the Editor of the work that now lies on our table. The great work-shop of Greek literature is Oxford. Scotland has four Greek Professors, but no Greek scholars, whose reputation has reached us, except Dr. Hunter, the venerable Professor of Humanity in the University of St. Andrew's; and what knowledge soever the Dublin men may possess, with a few exceptions they have been, and still are, culpably silent.

Before we commence the consideration of the volumes which have given rise to these remarks, it may not be quite irrelevant to say a few words, on the qualifications of a commentator. In our opinion, then, the man who would write critical remarks on a poet, ought himself to have an infusion of the poetical spirit;—imagination enough to kindle in the

imagination of others ;—feeling enough to enter into the feelings and passions of the personages of the poem ;—taste enough to understand, when their actions and language are natural ;—and ear enough to apprehend the harmony of poetical rhythm. To relish poetry, he must be a lover of nature ; all her beauties must be familiar to his eye, and all her voices to his ear ; for if he does not love poetry and nature, he will make miserable havock when he attempts to explain the refined imagination of the one, or the bright representations of the other. To these natural endowments, he ought to add an extensive knowledge of the language which he professes to explain, sufficient not only to enable him to illustrate with perspicuity and precision such passages as require elucidation, but to detect errors that may have crept into the text, by the inattention or ignorance of transcribers, and to restore the genuine reading. He ought to be able, by a simple and natural analysis, to trace words from the primary meanings, through all the variety of shades of one leading idea that they assume in the progress of speech. He ought also to have a thorough knowledge of the laws, usages, religion, history, prevailing virtues and vices, forms of government, and even prejudices of the age of his author. We could not name a commentator who is so qualified. The productions of genius have fallen into the hands of the dullest of the human race ; who, when they ought to clear away rubbish, increase the mass under which they hide a Corinthian column or a sculptured frieze. What is bright they darken, what is beautiful they deform ; in their remarks, the sun, moon, and stars can hardly be said to give light.

In a Latin preface we are informed, that the Editor has taken Heynè for his guide, and he could not well have taken a better ; yet, we are of opinion, that he would not have made a worse book, if he had depended less on others and more on himself. He has frequently copied notes from Heynè, and in some instances even from Professor Dunbar, when he could easily have made better of his own. We can say little in commendation of the Latinity of the preface. It is disfigured by an affectation of rare and difficult phraseology, which more or less adheres to all the modern Latin with which we are acquainted. It will perhaps be a consolation to the Editor under this censure, that he errs in common with Parr and Porson and Buchanan. Even these great men have been guilty of a strange blending of style. In the same sentence, we have not unfrequently a shred from Cicero, another from Horace or Virgil, and a third from Tacitus. This confusion of the narrative, oratorical and poetical style,

forms a strange contrast to the simplicity and purity of the classical models; and we regret, that a man of Mr. Kennedy's good taste should not have risen above so obvious an error. After *doctorum exprobrationes*, why *patrue verbera lingue*? The first fully expresses the idea, the other is totally unnecessary. In the same page, and that the first, is another of these deliciæ of modern Latinity, *rude donatus*, and we suspect misapplied. If we had not known the contrary, we should have imagined the young Editor had already finished his literary gladiatorship, and was an Emeritus professor.

He has done well in not cumbering his book with a Latin version, which gives such an idea of the original, as the skinless skull of Helen of the beauty of that celebrated lady. They are, besides, often erroneous; and, instead of developing ingenuity and activity of thought in the student, they tempt him to a dependence that is quite ruinous to any substantial improvement. The man who, in early life, has been accustomed to read the Greek authors, by the aid of these miserable versions, never descends below the surface of their thoughts, and is for ever their slave. They also deprive the young student of one of the most important advantages of learning a language,—the exercise of his own sagacity. In the early stages of his progress, they save him trouble; without some such help, he may be for a while in a dusky atmosphere, and see but a short way around him; sometimes he may labour in vain, he may despair, but let him persevere; every difficulty he overcomes is an increase of power; every victory gives him fresh spirit for a new attack, and confidence of success; light will, in time, arise on his mind, and the rich reward of his labours will be, that he will see the imaginations of the poet, not through the dark glass of an erroneous version, but in the sunlight of his own genius.

Commentators would save themselves, and their readers, much unprofitable labour, if they would lay down principles to guide them in their researches, instead of treating every separate passage as an unconnected fact. It is the object of science to bring the varied phenomena of nature under general laws; one would think, judging from the labours of the commentators, that the aim of philology was to disunite and to scatter what nature has joined; yet, there is a philosophy of language, as well as of physics and of mind, and indeed the study of language, well conducted, is the study of mind; yet important as the subject is, it is almost totally neglected. Horne Tooke has held out to all future philologists, a clue, to guide them through the labyrinths of a subject, not only difficult in itself, but obscured by the very attempts

to enlighten it; yet no one has followed in the same track, except Dr. Hunter, of St. Andrew's. That eminent scholar has given some golden examples of a genuine philology, in his notes on the first five books of Livy, and his short but masterly essay on the moods and tenses of the Greek and Latin verb, attached to his edition of Ruddiman's Rudiments. He has looked into the anatomy of the Latin language, and his dissections are so nice, that he has often detected those latent springs, that give richness and vigour to the whole fabric of speech.

The great object of the philologist should be, to elicit the original meaning of words, and studiously to observe that curious manufacture of thought, (if the expression may be used,) by which they are applied to kindred objects, in a gradation more or less remote; and, how much changed soever they may seem to be by their new dress, never to lose sight of the family likeness. Mr. Kennedy is aware of the importance of this branch of the study of language, and has given frequent specimens of a skilful application of it.—In this respect, the Dictionaries are all faulty, not excepting Stephanus. The great Thesaurus is an immense storehouse of facts, but miserably deficient in arrangement. Primary and secondary meanings are confounded. Meaning is heaped upon meaning with an endless profusion, and that too as if each expressed a thought distinct from others; when, in truth, there is only a new ramification of the same idea. We question, if language affords an instance of a word with two unconnected meanings. Jones has a glimpse of this fact; but he often loses sight of it, and his inattention produces woeful instances of confusion.

But this idea will be best understood by examples; and we shall adduce the most simple we can find, to make it the more obvious.

Νομος is usually translated 'law;' but, if we place this meaning first in order, we should only perplex the reader, and render it impossible for him ever to obtain any precise idea of the word. He turns up his dictionary, and finds it so written; but the phrase for which he wishes to find an explanation, is *νομους ἵππων*, 'the laws of horses;' or, if he does find 'pasturage,' how is he to reconcile these two meanings? what connexion have laws with pasture? This train of ideas will pass through the mind of the reader, if he thinks at all on the subject; and if he does not, he will lose a fine example of the process of language, in the changes it undergoes, from pri-

mary to secondary meanings, and from these to shades of signification still more remote. If we refer the word to its root, *νεμω*, 'to divide,'—*κρεα νειμειν Αχιλλευς*, 'Achilles divided the flesh,'—in its primary acceptance, it will mean 'a division, a share;' as, *λογος*, from *λεγω*, means 'a word;' *τομος*, from *τεμνω*, 'a cutting, a section.' This, then, is the process of mind: a division, a share, *κατ' εξοχην*, 'a portion of land,'—the most valuable thing men had to divide; but these lands were originally in a state of pasturage, therefore, by a natural extension of the idea, pasture lands; and, as on the division of property, laws were necessary for its protection, the same word that meant the portion, was put for the principle that secured to each his own share. It is wonderful how reluctant men are to form new words, and how beautiful are those associations by which known words are applied to new ideas. Another example may serve our purpose at present: *κρινω*, 'to separate;' *κρινειν καρπον και αχνας*, 'to separate the corn from the chaff—to separate one from a number—to choose, to select;' and, in this application, it coincides with the Latin word *diligo*; and, from the same association of ideas, 'to separate truth from falsehood, to sift evidence, to judge;' and *κριτης*, 'a judge;' hence, *ακριτος*, 'unseparated, common to a number, unjudged, without a trial.'—These analogies pervade language, and form one of the most interesting and useful branches of its study; yet the subject is almost untouched, at least as far as it refers to the Latin and Greek languages. The subject is involved in difficulties. It often happens that the primary sense is obsolete, or exists in sources which are out of our reach. To understand any one language well, we ought to have the knowledge of many; yet how few men, like Sir W. Jones, or Murray, or Leyden, can obtain a microscopic view of Latin and Greek, through the languages of Asia, and the ancient languages of the North of Europe? It may be laid down as a general principle, that, if the same word is applied to a material object, and an intellectual idea, its primary meaning will be found in the material. This rule, which we think is invariable, will be of use in tracing words through their varying and often seemingly unconnected shades of idea. Indeed, it is not improbable that all names, in their primary signification, applied to material objects. A striking proof of this fact is, that the words the most remote from matter, the terms employed to denote mind —

ψηχη, πνευμα, θυμος, φρη, *animus, spiritus*—meant nothing more than ‘breath, air;’ and many, perhaps most of the words that signify the qualities or the operations of mind, are of the same origin. Κρινω has been already noticed—‘to separate material substances one from another, to judge, *intelligere*—to choose from among many, to select, or to compare ideas—to understand:’ πεπνυμένος, usually rendered ‘prudent,’ means literally and properly ‘breathed into, inspired:’ πυκινος—from πυκα, from πτυσσω—‘to fold, of many folds, strong;’ πυκιναι θυραι, ‘strong doors;’ πυκιναι φρενες, ‘a vigorous intellect.’ It would be easy to point out innumerable errors in the translations of the commonest passages, arising from want of attention to this principle. Two examples occur to our mind, at this moment. Γλαυκιων, which occurs only once in the *Iliad*, 20 lib. 172 line. Heyne renders it in his notes, *fulgentibus, acriter intentis oculis intuens, oculis terribilibus intuens*; and, in his Latin version, *torvum contuens*: Apollonius, πυρωδες βλεπων: Hesych. εμπυρον και φοβερον βλεπων: Eustath. εμπυρον ορων: Kennedy, *micantibus oculis intuens*. All these explanations give part of the idea, but miss the most beautiful circumstance, which indeed constitutes its poetry, and shows us how accurate an observer of nature Homer was. Had these writers only thought of the meaning of the word γλαυκος, ‘azure, green,’ they could not have committed an error in a thing so obvious. The word means ‘looking with green eyes,’ and applies admirably to a raging lion, and indeed to all animals of the feline species; for green flames actually shoot from their eyes in a rage. This is one of the *picture* words of the most poetical of poets; but the commentators are a most unpoetical generation.

The next passage to which we allude is, Τρωεσσι δε κηδὲ ἐφηπται. This is translated by Clarke, *Trojanis autem mala impendent*; and Heynè repeats the blunder. Heynè’s note is ἐφηπται, ‘*imminent*,’ ἄπτω, εἴαπτω, περιεπτω. One would have thought that these words would have led him to the literal meaning, which is the true one; but he is misled by authority. Bene, he says, Schol. ἐπηρτηται, ἐπικρεματα, τουτ’ ἐστι ἐπικείται. Now, ἐφηπται neither means ‘hang’ nor ‘lie upon;’ but simply, ‘are linked:’ ἄπτω, ‘I bind;’ in

the passive voice, 'I am bound.' Kennedy is the first commentator, as far as we know, who has given the true meaning—'Woes are linked to the destinies of the Trojans;' and that from looking at the original sense of ἄπτω. In this way, he is often eminently successful; and we give him credit for it; because we fear that, in Trinity College, more attention is bestowed on the facts than the science of language. He often translates into English, and we wish he had done so always; for his English is generally neat, sometimes beautiful, and in every case gives the young student more precise ideas of the passage, than any Latin translation. The word *ουλομενην*, in the second line of the *Iliad*, is translated 'fatal,' which, as a rendering of the expression, is well enough; yet we suspect, that all the commentators have misunderstood it. When Mr. Kennedy quotes *ολεσασαν* from the Scholiast, he does not surely intend to say that *ολεσασαν* and *ουλομενην*, Ionice from *ολομενην*, have the same meaning? They are, indeed, as distinct as 'destroying,' and 'self-destroying,' or 'perishing.' The reciprocal use of the middle voice in Homer is universal; and we question if an example is to be found in Homer, or indeed in any other author, in which *ωλομην* and *ωλεσα* are equivalent. There is a striking proof of the difference of the words, in a line of the *Odyssey*, ὁ μιν ὀλεσε λαον ατασθαλον, ὤλετο δ' αὐτος, 'he destroyed his unfortunate people, and destroyed himself also.' σφετερεσι ατασθαλιησιν ὀλοντο, 'they destroyed themselves by their own infatuation.' Euripides, *Iphi. in Aulide*, line 793, πατριδος ουλομενης, 'our country having wrought its own ruin, having been ruined.' Phœnissæ, 1526, ἀδελφῶν ουλομενα αικισματα νεκρῶν. Eteocles and Polynices had perished in single combat, by mutual wounds, very properly denominated 'self-destroying wounds.' But it is needless to heap up examples; and, in the phrase under consideration, the meaning is not 'destructive to others,' as the Scholiast would have it; but 'self-destroying rage,' as applied to Achilles. This is consistent with the general analogy of the language, and gives a fine poetical thought,—a faithful picture of the ruinous consequences of the indulgence of the irritable passions upon those who surrender themselves to their dominion; besides the fatal effect of the rage of Achilles on others, is sufficiently

expressed by the following lines. We have adverted to the usual explanation of this word, as a specimen of inaccurate thinking, and a slavish bowing to authority. We think Mr. Kennedy as much entitled to lead as to follow, although here he has both the Scholiast and Heyne on his side. Τῖσειαν Δαναοὶ ἐμα δακρυὰ σοῖσι βελεσσι, is explained, 'may the Greeks atone for my tears,' &c. This is the meaning of the passage: but it is the first time *τιω* has occurred; and we wish the learned editor had dealt in principles rather than individual facts, and especially since his master, Heynè, has mistaken the meaning of the word. *Notum est*, says the great commentator, *τιεν esse proprie facere ut alter persolvat, adeoque esse punire, ulcisci*. This is a great mistake. He does not mean to say, surely, that it was the prayer of Chryses, that the Greeks might make others pay for his tears. This is diametrically opposite to the meaning of the poet, which is, 'may the Greeks pay for my tears.' He confounds the active and the middle voice, and besides gives to the active a sense that it never had. What Mr. Kennedy has said is correct; but he has not said enough. Suppose the young student meets such passages as, *τιμην αποτινემεν Αργείοις*,—Ζεῦ ἀνα, δὸς τισασθαι ὁ με προτερος κακ' εὐργε,—Θεὸς ὡς τιετο δῆμῳ, when in the first it means 'to pay,' in the second 'to punish,' and in the third 'to honour;' we think that diversities so unlooked for, and so perplexing to the unfortunate youth, ought to have been explained by anticipation. *Τιεν* means simply 'to pay, to give what is due, to give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;' thus, *τιεν δασμον*, 'to pay tribute;' *δικην*, 'to pay what is just, to suffer punishment;' hence 'to honour the man who deserves honour;' and, as the word in the active voice means 'to pay a penalty,' in the middle it means 'to exact the penalty, to demand punishment, to punish.' Some such analysis of the association of ideas, by which the meaning of the word widens like a river in its course, till that which flowed from one simple idea pours upon the mind a flood of kindred thoughts, would have saved the commentator and the tyro much trouble. For such knowledge, it would be vain to send the student to his dictionary; for there, in general, he will find confusion worse confounded. At line 105, book I. *μῖνος* is rendered *vis*, which may do, though it certainly gives no precise idea of the word; but where did the learned editor find *impetus sanguinis irruentis*? No doubt, when a

man is under the influence of any strong passion, his blood flows with an impetuous tide: but no latitude of translation can make *impetus sanguinis irruentis* (into what?) equivalent to *μενος*, which is derived from *μενω*, and means 'a remaining, or standing fast, a fearless facing of an enemy in battle.' In this primary sense, the word is opposed to *φυγη*, 'flight,' denoting 'obstinate resistance;' and is so used in this passage, applying well to the high-minded hero, who would have thought the smallest compliance disgrace. Homer abounds in examples of the verb *μενω*, in the sense of 'facing the foe.' One example will serve our purpose: *ως μενεν Ιδομενευς Αινειαν*, 'Idomeneus did not shrink from the attack of Æneas,' he waited his approach with an unshrinking courage. In the same line, *αμφιμελαιναι* is rendered *subita irruptione sanguinis nigrescentia*. This is not intelligible to us—'the mind (heart) blackening with a sudden irruption of blood!' Does Mr. Kennedy understand this? This word has been peculiarly unfortunate. Stephanus translated it *utrimque nigræ*, which is not far from the truth; for it means no more than 'dark all around,' that is 'very dark, without any bright parts;' as, *περικαλλης*, 'beautiful on every side, eminently beautiful;' yet the great lexicographer is guilty of such trifling as this. *Quibusdam sunt*, he says, *αἱ ἐν βαθει κειμεναι καὶ συνεταὶ διανοιαι*, *quibusdam*, *αἱ τεταραγμεναι δια τὴν ὀργὴν*; Hesychio, *βαθεια καὶ συνετη*—and men call this learning! Campbell has beautifully expressed the idea, 'dark spirit,' in a poem to which we delight to allude—*Lines on Argyle-shire*. Book XI. 256, we find *ανεμοτρεφες εγχος*. This is one of those epithets that breathe the living soul of poetry. It should be explained, 'nursling of the wind. Thus, in a most picturesque way, one word brings before the mind, the speed and the irresistible force of a spear, winged with the tempest. Mr. Kennedy has it 'sped by the wind,' which is well.

A passage occurs in book X. line 351:—

Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ ρ' ἀπεην, ὅσσον ἐπιουρα πελονται
 Ἡμιονων, αἱ γὰρ τε βοων προφερεσστεραι εἰσι
 Ἐλπεμεναι νειοιο βαθειης πηκτον αροτρον.

The whole difficulty is in the word *ἐπιουρα*, 'boundaries, limits;' and *ἐπιουρα ἡμιονων*, 'the ends of a furrow made by mules; and ὅσσον (ἐπι) ἐπιουρα πελονται ἡμιονων,' 'as far as the ends of the furrow are from one another,' that is, 'the

length of the furrows.' The following words have nothing to do with the distance. The poet meant to inform us, that Dolon had passed Diomed and Ulysses; but the superiority of mules to oxen in drawing the plough, strikes him, and he goes on to describe it in his usual way. This is Mr. Kennedy's interpretation, and he is right. The distance by which a yoke of mules surpass a yoke of oxen, in drawing the plough, gives no definite idea, and is certainly not expressed by Homer's words. Here he has thought for himself; and, when he does so, he is generally correct; he sometimes allows himself to be led into errors by others.

Mr. Kennedy is an elegant and correct scholar, and if he had a little more confidence in his powers, might soon step into the first rank of the commentators. His English translations are faithful, often beautiful; and few people know the difficulty of rendering single sentences, often only the member of sentences, with propriety. The ingenious author may think that we have been more liberal of blame than of praise, and have quoted to censure rather than to applaud; but we can assure him, that a careful perusal of his book has inspired us with a high opinion, alike of his talents and learning; and we shall be happy to meet him again in the same walks. We know too from experience, that this edition, as a school book, is far superior to any with which we are acquainted; and we are only doing Mr. K. an act of justice, when we cordially recommend it to the masters of our great schools in this and the sister kingdoms.

It were desirable, that in the Commentary, the book, as well as the line, were marked at the top of the page. For want of attention to this, we have often found it difficult of consultation; and did we not possess more of the milk of human kindness than usually falls to the lot of critics, our Editor might have suffered for the loss of time it has cost us.